

and if I cant cure all sorts o' things in natur my name aint quack. Well he turns stomach and pocket, both inside out, and leaves poor blue nose—a dead man—*He promised too much.*

Then comes a Lawyer, an honest lawyer too, a rael wander under the sun, as straight as a shingle in all his dealins. He's so honest he cant bear to hear tell of other lawyers, he writes agin 'em, raves agin 'em, votes agin 'em, they are all rogues but him. He's jist the man to take a case in hand, cause he will see justice done. Well, he wins his case, and fobs all for costs, cause he's sworn to see justice done to—himself. *He promised too much.*

Then comes a Yankee Clockmaker, (and here Mr. Slick looked up and smiled,) with his "Soft Sawder," and "Human Natur," and he sells clocks warranted to run from July to Eternity, stoppages included, and I must say they do run as long as—as long as wooden clocks commonly do, that's a fact. But I'll shew you presently how I put the leak into 'em, for here's a feller a little bit ahead on us, whose flint I've made up my mind to fix this while past. Here we were nearly thrown out of the waggon, by the breaking down of one of those small wooden bridges, which prove so annoying and so dangerous to travellers. Did you hear that are snap? said he, well as sure as fate, I'll break my clocks over them eternal log bridges, if Old Clay clips over them arter that fashion. Them are poles are plaguy treacherous, they are jist like old Marm Patience Doesgood's teeth, that keeps the great United Independent Democratic Hotel, at Squaw Neck Creek, in Massachusetts, one half gone, and tother half rotten ends. I thought you had disposed of your last Clock,